

AN ⁴²⁵
Heroick Poem
ON THE ^{11645 cc 40}
CORONATION
OF THE
High and Mighty ²¹
MONARCH,
JAMES II.
King of England, &c.

— Caesar
Imperium Oceano, Famam quæ terminet Astris.

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An Heroick Poem on the Coronation of
KING JAMES II.

LET our joyn'd shouts their solemn Duties pay,
 For 'tis *Britannia's* sacred Nuptial Day.
 The Royal Bridegroom puts the Diadem on,
 And Weds a Kingdom when he wears a Crown:
 Whilst our loud transports, the great Rites Proclaim;
 Our Bone-fires all for Bridal Torches Flame:
 And all the joys our ravish'd Souls inspire,
 Make but one universal *Hymeneal* Quire.
 Nor are Three Kingdoms all th' Attendant Train,
 To inaugurate, Great *JAMES*, thy prosperous Reign:
 For see Blest *CHARLES* his *Guardian Angels* there,
 A God-like Rival Host, the Ceremony share:
 Their Tutelary Powers surround Thy Throne,
 And His Disbanded *Wonders* list Thy own:
 Whose ushering Glories in the Front appear,
 They lead the Van, and we bring up the Rear.
 Hail, blest *Britannia*! happiest Envied Bride!
 Behold the great Imperial *Gordian* Ty'd.
 Honour and Triumph, all Divinely bright,
 Unbounded Charms, Ineffable Delight,
 All in one sum to Thy vast Portion fall:
 One Coronation Vow has Seal'd them all.
 Vows of that Binding Force, that Wondrous Power,
 Shall make soft Peace thy Everlasting Dower,
 And all Heavens choicest Darling Blessings shower:
 He Vows and makes it *Fate*, Great *JAMES*, for Thee,
 To plight Thy Faith, for God's to *Decree*.
 As but THY Part, *Britannia*, keep but Thou
 Thy Wishes Chast, and thy sworn Duty True,
 And enjoy all that tenderest Love can grant,
 And hold thy Faithful Lord in Bonds of Adamant:
 Revel in all the Scenes of endless Bliss,

The Sweets of an unbounded Paradise.
 No flaming Sword shalt bar thy Eden Gate.
 If no false Serpent tempt thee to thy Fate,
 Nor thy own Fall does thy own Ruine date.

No, fair *Britannia*, prize thy Wealth but well,
 And make Thy Treasure Inexhaustible.

To give That Bliss Divine, from *JAMES* his Throne,
 Is the Great Work of Heaven's kind Hand alone;

To make That Bliss Immortal, is Thy own
 Safety and Peace shall in his Sun-beams play,

Whilst He's the God of our long *Hakyon* Day,
 Great *JAMES*, reserved by Providence to our do

His pious *Sire*, and Glorious *Drabier* too,
 Beneath the Foot-stool of his Throne shall tread

Our long Enchanting Faral Sorcery dead,
 His single Scepter shall that Period gain,

Unreach'd by all his great Forefather's Reign.
 The Painted Dangers and Fictitious Fears,

The Tub-Cant of old Host a Hundred Years,
 That long portentous Phantom hush'd and still'd,

The dreaded Lyon, even with *Sampson's* Honey fill'd,
 All this the great pacifick *JAMES* shall do,

All this our whole converted World shall view,
 Bless the great *Author*, and his Auspicious Days,

And blush their Follies and their Shame away,
Imposture now with all her rancorous Rage,

For ever hilt from off the *British* Stage,
 Reason and Truth shall our blarney'd Eyes unblind,

Not one poor *Tith* Preselym left behind,
 So when th' Almighty *Widren* Child was Born,

Immaculate *TRUTH* began her glorious Morn:
 Whilst the old Fiend, the *Dragon* *Crutch*,

Was silenced down to his own Native Hell,
 Our World a Great Reconciling Trade in Thee

And thy blest Reign, shall equal *Stones* *Stones*,
 The Croaking Imp of Jealousie and Fear,

That

That more than Hell-born Popular Prince o' th' Air,
 Shall all his false Prophetick Dreams give o're,
 And his Infernal Trump shall sound no more:
 Whilst FAITH unshaken, Mercy infinite,
 Justice immoveable, unbias'd Right,
 Honour untainted, all the dazzling Train
 Of Ministering Graces to his wondrous Reign,
 Shall with that Bright stupendious Glory come,
 Shall strike the Bold Phanaick Diel dumb.
 'Mongst the Triumphant Crowds that Celebrate
 This great Day, splendid Coronation State;
 His shining Pome, and the more radiant Gems,
 His Virtues, that out-shine his Diadem;
 Th' Harmonious Notes reach even Heaven's Echoing Towers,
 Welcom'd by all Great JAMES his kindred Powers.
 The very Rubies in the MARTYR's Crown,
 Even a new glittering sparkling Fire put on:
 Whilst His Transported Great Immortal SPIRIT,
 Such vast Paternal Extasies inspire;
 Till Form'd in the whole Seraphick Choir,
 He leads a solemn Hallelujah round,
 To Consecrate his best-lov'd Off-spring Crown'd;
 A Son whose Hand shall crush the Serpents Head,
 That stung the Royal Murder'd Father Dead,
 With noiseless Joy his Heaven-Crown'd BROTHER sings,
 The Best of Subjects, now the Best of Kings,
 His Matchless Loyalty, Ever-burning Love,
 BROTHER, and FRIEND, still sacred Names above,
 With that Ascending Fragrant Incense fit,
 As reach his Hollow'd Throne, and perfume all the Sky,
 Well He remembers in that fatal Hour
 When weeping England saw her CHIEF no more,
 How the Great JAMES, like Great ALVA Flood,
 With Hands up-lift, and Sorrows streaming Flood,
 With thrended Garment, and a trickling shower
 Of melting Tears, he wail'd the parting Hour!

Till from above behold the opening Sky,
 The *Fiery Steeds* and *Flaming Chariot* fly:
 Here a whole bursting, drowning, Deluge fell,
 Such were the Eyes that took their last Farewell.
 In vain he cries, alas! in vain he calls;
 Grasping the *Wondrous Mantle* as it falls;
 With Divine *Transmigrating Glories* fired; (inspired
 Fill'd with the *Mourning God*, with the **WHOLE CHARLES**
 This he remembers, and for Joys yet more
 Sublime, He turns Heavens sacred Volume o'er;
 Reads what the Book of *Fate* for **JAMES** writes down,
 And Blesses, as he Reads, the *Head*, and *Crown*:
 Whilst his own Race, like the great *Moses*, run,
 Union and Concord but by **CHARLES** begun;
 That God-like *Josuah* fills his Royal Seat,
 Who his unfinish'd *Wonders* shall complete.

Yet not the spacious *Empyreal Round*,
 Cou'd this prodigious Days vast Glory bound;
 Even Envy's Court the Loud-tongu'd *Raptures* shake,
 Descending down to the Infernal Lake,
 For Heav'n's Best Joys, Hell's bitterest Torments make.

Amongst the Mighty Potentates below,
 Alarm'd, and stagger'd, at this dreadful Blow;
 The *Noble Peer* felt the most killing Wound,
 Strook even with new Damnation at the sound:
 His hissing Snakes all their whole Poisons pour,
 Rage, Anguish, Gall, Death, Horror, Fury; more }
 Then his Tap run in fifty Years before.
 Amongst the gnashing Teeth, and wringing Hands,
 Lo! *Burnet's* great *Reforming Popul* stands:
 Whilst the Great **JAMES** his Coronation Fame,
 With that uncommon Blast of Thunder came;
 His burning Veins with hotter Torments glow
 Than at the Pangs of *Ketches* trebble blow.
 Nay, even the half-relenting *Esse* there,
 Some sounds of Discontent could scarce forbear. The

The murmuring Accents he began to try;
But his Throat gaped and half the Breath went by.

The universal grief went round so fast,
As to a solemn General Mourning past.
Even Sabler Shades hung round the dismal Cell;
(If possible to add new *Blacks* to *Hell*.)

But the most hideous Figure of Despair,
Was to behold a wither'd Beldam there;

The GOOD OLD CAUSE, the dying *Sidney's* Saint,
And *Prosperine's* long Bosom Confidant.

Whilst for a Garb, to suit her doleful Tears,
All hanging o're her gloomy Brow, she wears

(Grief's darkest Dress, her ever deepest Cloud,)
A tatter'd Veil, made of *Nell's Tyburn* Shroud.

In her Right Hand, an old scrawl'd List she held,
With full-mouth'd, keenest Execration fill'd;

To pay off *Pagan Popery's* old Scores,
Call'd all a thousand Scarlet *Whores*,

Because at *Worcester* the *Apostate* fell,
And Commenc'd *Antichrist* at *Boscobel*

Over her Head, for this Days Sorrows fit,
Was the unfortunate EXCLUSION Write:

Large the Memorial Characters were made;
For 'twas EXCLUSION *HELL's* Foundation laid.

GOD to Exclude was *Lucifer's* first Guilt,
For which sole Crime this *Burning Jail* was built;

Damnation form'd to pay *Exclusion's* Hire;
Exclusion the first spark that light' *Hell* Fire.

Thus Seated and Arrayed, her Flesh all rent,
She gave her most ungovern'd Wailings vent:

With louder Howls than even her Funeral cries,
At her dear *Ignoramus* Obsequies

Her wild Distractions with full Torrents flow,
And all *Idea's* crowd to heighten *Woe*.

The very *Fire* does but new Torments make,
For the remember'd curst *Newmarket* sake:

And every Brimstone Flash call's a new *Green*;
 For the defeated *Rumheld Musketoon*.
 Amidst each bellowing Pang, and crying Yell,
 As the salt Brine down her hag'd Furrows fell,
 In vain, with a torn Handkercher, once dip'd
 In Royal Gore, her Bloodshot Eyes she wip'd.

But leave, my wearied Muse, this humble Flight:
 From these Republick Owles, and Bats of Night,
 Visit the Region of Great *JAMES* once more,
 Where the proud Royal mounting Eagles soare.

But for new Beams of brighter Glories still,
 Not *JOVE* himself the Mighty Scene can fill.
 Behold the Great Imperial *JUNO* Crown'd,
 With all her beauteous Constellation round:
 The Sovereign Goddess so divinely Fair,
 That even adoring Angels worship there:
 Such Myriads of Attracting Graces Reign,
 As half unpeople Heav'n to fill Her Train.
 There *MONARCHY*, with all her pow'ful Darts
 Sits Crown'd to captive *Souls*; here *BEAUTY*, *Hearts*.
 To make an universal Triumph shine,
 It is but just their equal Powers should joyn,
 The Great and Fair in One Imperial Robe:
CÆSAR and *BEAUTY* ever share the Globe;
 Between 'em both Conquering Lightning hurld,
 The equal Masters of the vanquish'd World.

This Ravishing Scene! all Loyal, dazzled Eyes
 Shall smiling see, whilst bursting Treason dyes;
 Whilst our poor sculking little *won'd-be-King*
 Dwindles to that lost despicable thing,
 As shall even *Dangerfield* with Envy view,
 The Princelie *Perkin Warbeck* of the Two.

F I N I S.



